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**Title: Pygmalion****Characters:**

- **Pygmalion:** A talented sculptor
- **Galatea:** A statue created by Pygmalion
- **Aphrodite:** Goddess of love
- **Narrator:** to provide context and transitions
- **Mother 1**
- **Mother 2**
- **Mother 3**

**Act 1: The Sculptor's Dilemma***Scene 1: The Town Square of Cyprus*

*(The stage is set with a bustling town square. Several mothers are gathered, talking animatedly. Pygmalion stands to the side, looking uncomfortable.)*

**Mother 1:** Pygmalion, you must choose a wife from among our daughters. It is time you settled down.

**Mother 2:** Yes, my daughter is the perfect match for you. She is beautiful and skilled in many arts.

**Mother 3:** No, my daughter is the one you should choose. She will make you very happy.

**Pygmalion:** (nervously) Please, I need more time to decide. I am not ready to choose a wife just yet.

That night, while Pygmalion is sleeping, into his dream comes, "Aphrodite!"

*(A soft light shines, and Aphrodite appears, commanding attention.)*

**Aphrodite:** Pygmalion, the time has come for you to make a choice. The women of Cyprus have summoned me and asked my intervention. You must pick one from among the women of this island and make her your wife. You cannot delay any longer.

**Pygmalion:** (bowing in his dream) Great Aphrodite, I am honored by your presence. In all of my life, I have loved only one. But she is already married.

**Aphrodite:** And who is that?

**Pygmalion:** You, my queen! There are no others for me, none that compare with you!

**Aphrodite:** But you must choose!

**Pygmalion:** If I must, but before I choose, I must first complete a statue in your likeness, to become my finest work ever. This is what I was created for. All my learning, work and training must culminate in this one statue, to honor you, the most beautiful and pinnacle of all womanliness. Only when I undertake and accomplish this, will I be able to make such an important decision.

**Aphrodite:** (smiling knowingly) Very well, Pygmalion. You may have the time you need to create this statue. But remember, your choice cannot be postponed forever.

*(Aphrodite disappears, and Pygmalion awakes.)*

**Narrator:** Pygmalion, seeking to delay his decision, vowed to create a statue of Aphrodite, hoping to buy himself more time. Little did he know, this creation would change his life forever.

**Pygmalion:** (to himself) I must create something truly extraordinary. Only then can I find a way out of this predicament.

*(He exits the stage, determined.)*

He began with dozens of clay dabs in various poses and set them all around the room. All other work was abandoned and removed from the house. He would live for only one purpose, this finest and magnificent creation.

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## **Act 2: The Sculptor's Obsession**

### *Scene 1: Pygmalion's Workshop*

*(The stage is set with various sculptures and tools. Pygmalion is working tirelessly on a statue, neglecting food and sleep. The workshop is dimly lit, with candles flickering around the room.)*

**Narrator:** Pygmalion worked endlessly, pouring his heart and soul into the statue of Aphrodite. Days turned into nights, and still, he did not rest.

**Pygmalion:** (chiseling with intense focus) Every curve, every detail must be perfect. She must embody the very essence of beauty.

*(He steps back, examining his work, then returns to sculpting with renewed vigor.)*

**Narrator:** His hands moved with a fervor, each stroke of the chisel a testament to his devotion. He sculpted through the night, his eyes heavy with exhaustion, yet he did not falter.

**Pygmalion:** (muttering to himself) The eyes must capture her divine gaze... the lips, her eternal smile...

*(He wipes sweat from his brow, his movements becoming more frantic as he works.)*

**Narrator:** He neglected food and sleep, driven by an unyielding passion. His workshop became a sanctuary of creation, where time seemed to stand still.

**Pygmalion:** (voice cracking) Just a little more... just a little more...

*(His hands tremble from fatigue, but he continues, his determination unwavering.)*

**Narrator:** His body grew weak, but his spirit remained strong. He poured every ounce of his being into the marble, shaping it with love and reverence.

**Pygmalion:** (collapsing) I must finish... I must...

*(He collapses in fatigue, the stage darkens.)*

*Scene 2: Pygmalion's Workshop, Night*

*(The stage is dimly lit. Pygmalion lies on the floor, unconscious. A soft light begins to shine on the statue, revealing a beautiful woman gleaming in the dark.)*

**Pygmalion:** (awakening) What... what is this? Aphrodite, is it you?

*(Pygmalion examines the statue for any unfinished element but finds every detail, curve, wisp of hair and even toenail done to perfection)*

**Pygmalion:** I shall name you "Galatia!"

**The statue remains still and silent.**

*(Aphrodite appears, her presence commanding.)*

**Aphrodite:** Pygmalion, it is time to make your choice. Whoever she is, whatever she is, you must choose now.

**Pygmalion:** *(standing, resolute)* I choose her (he pointed to the statue). She is of you, Aphrodite, the only one I could ever love, made in every inch of perfect detail to your godliness.

**Aphrodite:** You cannot choose a statue!

**Pygmalion:** You said I may choose "whoever" or "whatever" I wish. I wish for her!

**Aphrodite:** But she is not living!

**Pygmalion:** She is to me! My bones and muscles created hers! She came out of my sweat and blood! It is my life that has given her life!

**Aphrodite:** It is impossible!

**Pygmalion:** Nothing is impossible for a goddess! If you will not bring her to life, do this for me. Allow me to embrace her and turn us both to marble, to remain forever as one.

*(He embraces the statue)*

**Aphrodite:** Pygmalion, it is you who are impossible. *(with a sigh and smiling...)* You shall have your wish.

*(Aphrodite waves her hand. Embracing her, Pygmalion feels her stony lips become warm and flush. She moves. Instead of turning Pygmalion to marble, she brings Galatea fully to life. They look each other in the eyes and smile.)*

**Aphrodite:** Be free and love each other kindly, for I am afraid the women of Cyprus will not be happy with me for a time, now! I must go now!

*(Aphrodite disappears)*

## **Conclusion: Love and Life**

*Scene 1: Pygmalion's Workshop, Morning*

*(Pygmalion and Galatea are seen together, happy and in love. Galatea begins to tidy up the messy workspace.)*

**Narrator:** Pygmalion and Galatea lived happily; their love blessed by Aphrodite. The sculptor's dream had become a beautiful reality.

**Pygmalion:** (holding Galatea's hand) You are my heart, Galatea.

**Galatea:** And you, Pygmalion, are my soul. Now, let's bring some order to this chaos.

*(They laugh and she continues to organize the workshop as he gazes upon her.)*

**Narrator:** After that day, Pygmalion never created another sculpture of any kind for any reason. For the rest of his life, he devoted himself to Galatia and their life together. Never was there a sculpturer like Pygmalion nor a love like theirs again.

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